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The Linnet;

A Choice Collection of

S O N G S.

C O N T A I N I N G

men love Kissing as well as the Men.

Craaker.

Bonny Broom.

Answer to the Bonny Broom.

La'st of the Mill.

Felly Toper.

Worw! Worw!

Cafey.

Bonny Bet.

Give round the Word Dismount.

The Rover.

The Sleeping Fair.

The City Mall.

The Willing Maid.

Daffedil.



Stockport, printed and sold by J. Clarke.

(2)
Women love Kissing as well as the Men.

A Slave to the fair
From my childhood I've been,
Before the soft down

Had appear'd on my chin ;

And 'tis from experience

All matters are known,

I've found them all kind,

From Clarinda to Joan :

I'll strive to convince ye,

By dint of the pen,

That women love kissing,

As well as the men.

Young Chloe was wanton,

But scruples she had ;

I woo'd her so closely,

That she yielded, egad !

And now you'll be constant ?

She whimper'd and cry'd ;

I knew what she thought,

So I smiling reply'd,

My dear, can you doubt it ?

And kiss'd her again ;

For women love kissing,

As well as the men.

Chaste Celia, devoutly

Read lectures to me ;

She wonder'd what pleasure

In kissing could be :

I press'd her to try it,

And then speak her mind ;

She made the proof,

And grew instantly kind ;

Then answer'd me softly,

I'll try it again :

All women love kissing,

As well as the men.

That women are cruel,

Is all a mistake,

For every fair female,

At heart, is a rake :

'Tis conduct, ye lovers,

The damsel secures ;

Stick close to her lips,

She's infallibly yours :

And search through the sex.

I'll lay twenty to ten,

That women love kissing,

As well as the men.

Ally Croaker.

THERE liv'd a man in Baleno Crazy,

Who wanted a wife to make him

uneasy ; [Croaker,

Long had he sigh'd for dear Ally

And thus the gentle youth bespoke her

Will you marry me, dear Ally

Croaker ? [Ally Croaker,

Will you marry me, dear Ally,

This artless young man, just come

from the schoolery,

A novice in love, and all its foolery,

Too dull for a wit, too grave for a

joaker, [her,

And thus the gentle youth bespoke

Will you marry me, dear Ally

Croaker ? [with the mother,

He drank with the sister, he talk'd

He romp'd with the sister, he gam'd

with the brother, [the broker,

He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to

Which lost him the heart of his dear

Ally Croaker :

Oh ! the sickle, sickle Ally Croaker

Oh ! the sickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

To all ye young people, who are fond

of gaming, [others are saving

Who are spending your money while

Fortune's a jilt, the de'il may choak

her, [Ally Croaker,

A jilt more inconstant than dear

Oh ! the inconstant Ally Croaker,

Oh ! the inconstant Ally, Ally

Croaker.

The Bonny Broom.

HOW blith was I,

Each morn to see

My swain come o'er the hill ;

He leapt the brook,

And flew to me,

I met him with good-will.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
When his flocks near me lay ;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me all the day.

Oh ! the Broom,
The bonny, bonny Broom,
Where last was my repose ;
I wish I was with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood listening by,
The fleecy sheep stood still and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody. [turn

While thus we spent our time by
Between our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich and gay.

Oh ! the Broom, &c.
He did oblige me every hour,
Could I but faithful be ?

He stole my heart, could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

Hard fate that I must banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain,
That ever yet was born.

Oh ! the Broom, &c.

The Answer.

WHAT doleful sighs
Are those I hear,
My love in discontent,
Am I the cause of all thy care,
Why dost thou thus lament ?

Suppose I for a while did go,
And left you here alone,
It was to try your constancy,
Whether you was my own.

Oh ! the Heath,
The pleasant, pleasant Heath,
On which the Broom doth spring ;
Where the lark and thrush,
In every bush,
All round is here to sing.

For by the grief and moan you
Convinc'd I am you're true, [make

Then now to my arms you I'll take,
For none I will have but you.
Your constancy by this I've try'd,
Your love I find sincere ;
No more I'll wander from thy side,
For thee I love so dear.

Oh ! the Heath, &c.

I'll tune my pipe as usually,
Your grief now lay aside ;
To-morrow I'll to church with thee,
There I'll make thee my lawful bride.
And ever after I will prove
Your true and constant swain ;
Never more will I from you rove,
Whilst life in me remain.

Oh ! the Heath, &c.

The Lass of the Mill.

WHO has e'er been at Badlock,
Must needs know the Mill,
At the sign of the Horse,
At the foot of the hill ;
Where the grave and the gay
The clown and the beau,
Without all distinction,
Promiscuously go.

Tho' thither a multitude
Daily repair,
'Tis not for the sake
Of the drink or the air ;
But the much greater part,
You may say what you will,
Is to see and admire
The sweet lass of the Mill.

This man of the Mill
Has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape,
And so winning an air,
That once on the river's
Green bank as she stood,
I'd have sworn she was Venus,
Just sprung from the flood.

But looking again,
I perceiv'd my mistake,
For Venus the fair,
Has the looks of a rake ;

While nothing but virtue
And modesty fill
The more beautiful looks
Of the lass of the Mill.
• Sweet Molly, for that
Is the name of the fair,
Is the joy of each neighbouring
And the care: [swain,

Her glances can warmth
To the aged impart,
And the young are all smitten
Quite through the heart.

Prometheus stole fire,
As the poets all say,
To enliven that mass
Which he modell'd of clay;
Had Polly been with me,
The beams of her eyes
Had sav'd him the trouble
Of robbing the skies.

Were the goddesses there
For the apple to vie,
And each chuse their parts,
If Molly stood by,
The prize should be hers,
Without studying about it,
And the goddesses might
Trudge to heaven without it.

Hold, says my friend,
Tho' your theme is divine,
Give truce to the muse,
And about with the wine;
The bottle is next you,
A bumper then fill,
And we'll drink a good health
To the lass of the Mill.

Since first I beheld
This dear lass of the Mill,
I can ne'er be as quiet,
For do what I will,
All the day and all night
I sigh and think still,
I shall die if I have not
This lass of the Mill.

The Jolly Toper.

THE women all tell me
I'm false to my lass,
That I've quit my dear Chloe,
And stuck to my glass;
But to you men of reason I do
My reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them,
Why let them alone.

Although I have left her,
The truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good,
And I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms
In a bumper I see,
That makes it as good
And as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples,
And smiles, I must own;
Yet tho' she could smile,
In truth she could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers
Of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown
In a bumper of wine?

Her lillies and roses
Were just in their prime;
Yet lillies and roses
Are conquer'd by time;
But wine, from it's age
Such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better,
The older it grows.

They tell me that love
Would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid
When once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine, I both times
And enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink,
The more thirsty am I.

Let murders and battles,
And history prove,
The mischief that wait
Upon rivals in love;

But in drinking, thank heaven,
 No rival contends,
 For the more we love liquor,
 The more we are friends,
 It shortens our days
 When with love we engage,
 It brings on diseases,
 And hastens old age;
 But wine from grim death
 Can its votaries save,
 And keep t'other leg out,
 When one's in the grave.
 She too, might have poison'd
 The joys of my life,
 With nurses and babies,
 And squawling and strife;
 But my wine neither nurses
 Nor babies can bring,
 And a big-belly'd bottle's
 A mighty good thing.
 Then let my dear Chloë
 No longer complain,
 She is rid of her lover,
 And I of my pain;
 For in wine mighty wine,
 Many comforts I spy:
 Should you doubt what I say,
 Take a bumper and try.
Bow! Wow! Wow!
 I sing you a song, faith I'm sing-
 ing it now,
 Here I don't mean to affront either
 Small or big bow wow;
 The subject I've chosen, it is the ca-
 anine race,
 To prove like us two-legg'd dogs,
 They are a very fine race.
 Now, wow, wow, Fad, la, la, ad-di,
 ad-di, bow, wow, wow!
 Like you and I, other dogs may be
 counted sad dogs,
 We don't drink water, some may
 think us mad dogs;
 A courtier's a spaniel, a citizen's a
 doll dog;

A soldier is a mastiff, a sailor's a
 bull dog.
 An old maid comes from church, to
 the poor no lady kinder,
 A lusty dog her footman, with prayer
 book behind her;
 A poor boy asks a farthing, and gets
 plenty of good kicking,
 But little Shock, her lap-dog, must
 have a roasted chicken.
 When silly dogs for property, uncle,
 son and brother,
 Grind and snort mighty gruff, and
 worry one another,
 Should they a bit of equity from
 justice beg the loan of,
 That cunning dog the lawyer, Snap,
 carries quick the bone off.
 A poet's a lank greyhound, for the
 public he runs game down,
 A critic is a cur, that strives to run
 his fame down;
 And though he cannot follow where
 the noble sport invites him,
 He slyly steals behind, and by the
 heel he bites him.
 You've a choice pack of friends,
 while to feed 'em you are able,
 Your dog for his morsel couches un-
 der the table;
 Your friends they turn tail in mis-
 fortune or disaster,
 But your poor faithful dog will ne'er
 forsake his master.
 As your friends they turn tail the
 moment you need 'em,
 My dog ran away when no longer I
 could feed him;
 This cur so ungrateful, forsook me
 on my journey,
 And for a mouldy crust went back to
 the attorney.
Mrs. Casey.
 THE British lion is my sign,
 And a roaming trade I drive on

(6)
Right English usage, neat French
wines,

The landlord he may thrive on ;
At my hotel to eat and drink,
While French and English mingle,
And while to me you tip the chink,
O, let my glasses jingle.
The rino rattle come men and cattle
Come all to Mrs. Casey,
If troubled with money, my jewel,
my honey,

I warrant I'll make you all easy.
When dress'd and seated in my bar,
Let beaus and squires and belles come
Let captains kiss me if they please,
'Tis sir, you're kindly welcome.
I'll shuffle, cog, I'll tip the wink,
Where rooks and pigeons mingle,
And while to me you tip the chink,
I'll let the glasses jingle.
Let love fly here on silken wings,
Such tricks I still connive at,
The lover for to say soft things,
Shall have a room in private.
On pleasures I am pleas'd to wink,
While lips and kisses mingle,
And while to me you tip the chink,
I'll let the glasses jingle.

Bonny Bet.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair
Who shines in artificial beauty,
For native charms, without compare
Claim all my love, respect & duty.
O my bonny Bet, sweet blossom,
O my bonny, bonny Bet.
Was I a king so proud to wear thee,
From the verdant couch I'd bear thee
To grace thy faithful lover's bosom.
O my bonny, bonny Bet.
Yet ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheeks or radiant eye,
'Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
O my bonny, bonny Bet.
Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,

And sigh in numbers trite and com-
mon,

Ye gods, one daring wish be mine
And all I ask is lovely woman.
O my bonny, bonny Bet.
Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye in pleasure dis-
cussing,
My heart art thou, so take my soul
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing
O my bonny, bonny Bet.

Give round the Word Dismount.

GIVE round the word dismount
dismount,

While echo'd by the sprightly ho-
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet health inspiring mor-
CHORUS.

'Twas glorious sport, none e'er did
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stag
But all as firmly kept their pace,
As had Aëdon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were out and snuff'd
air, [pointed to]

And scarce had reach'd the
But pleas'd they heard a layer a la
And presently drew on the spot
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he flew
The deep-mouth'd hounds began
to bawl,

And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound
call 'Twas glorious sport,

And now the stag has lost his place
And while war-haunch the hunter
man cries,

His bosom swells, tears wet his face
He pants, he struggles, and dies
'Twas glorious sport, &c.

The Rover.

In all the sex some charms I find,
I love to try all woman-kind,

The fair, the smart, the witty,
 The fair, the smart, the witty.
 Cupid's fetters most severe
 Unloose out the long, long year,
 The slave of wanton Kitty,
 The slave of wanton Kitty.
 Length I broke the galling chain,
 And swore that love was pain,
 One constant scene of folly,
 One constant scene of folly.
 I would no more to wear the yoke,
 At soon I felt the second stroke,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly,
 And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly.
 With tresses next of flaxen hue,
 Young Jenny did my soul subdue,
 That lives in yonder alley,
 That lives in yonder alley.
 When Cupid threw another snare,
 He caught me in the curling hair
 Of little tempting Sally,
 Of little tempting Sally.
 I was torn'd with charms the blith and
 young,
 My grooving heart from bondage sprung
 This heart of yielding metal,
 This heart of yielding metal.
 And now it wanders here and there,
 It turns the prize of brown and fair,
 But never more will settle,
 But never more will settle.

The Sleeping Fair.

I shun bright Sol's meridian heat,
 And sought a cool retreat,
 Beneath a fragrant grove,
 Where twining branches form the
 shade,
 A mossy floor with flowers inlaid,
 A proper place for love.
 Beneath the thicket of the grove,
 A silent stream does gently move,
 Gives freshness to the glade,
 On the flow'ry bank reclin'd,
 Careless indolence of mind,
 The blooming fair was laid.

A blush o'erspread her lovely face,
 Whilst boys like Cupid, guard the
 place,
 And fan her with their wings.
 Her fragrant breath perfum'd the air,
 All nature then did gay appear,
 Each feather'd warbler sings.
 The wanton zephyrs round her play'd
 Refreshing breezes cool the maid,
 Opprest with balmy sleep :
 The beauties of her snowy breast,
 Like chifters courting to be prest,
 Let love a secret keep.
 Less fair the Paphian queen appear'd
 When from the watry bed she rear'd
 With majesty divine :
 Refulgent beauty, dazzling bright,
 With wonder seiz'd my aching sight,
 I gaz'd, and wish'd her mine.

The City Mall.

THE summer is approaching,
 The larks begin to sing,
 The little birds on every tree
 Make all the valleys ring :
 Now all the city beaux
 Their tales of love will tell,
 When walking with the lads
 All in the City Mall.
 When first the Mallyou enter,
 Young Cupid you may see,
 All with his bow and quiver,
 A sitting in a tree ;
 Although he is a blind boy,
 He hits his mark full well,
 And wounds many a lover free,
 All in the City Mall.
 As soon as dinner's over,
 The ladies you may see,
 Walking in the City Mall,
 Before they go to tea :
 If mamma is not there,
 Miss Polly is not well,
 Because that she may courted be,
 All in the City Mall.
 There are pretty little misses,

From twelve to twenty-three,
 With their long sacks upon their backs
 Or else a negligee;
 French cloaks and patilears,
 All patch'd and powder'd well,
 Do make a shew to every beaux,
 All in the City Mall.
 There is many a wanton harlot,
 That goes unto that place,
 To try to make their market,
 And shew their pretty face:
 They meet some cleaver spark,
 That likes their humour well;
 And then away unto a play,
 And leave the City Mall.
 There is Bedlam just hard by it,
 If love distracts your brain;
 And many a blind fidler
 Does there you entertain:
 There is nimble John the footman,
 Does meet this buxom Neil;
 And many a beau picks up a Fro,
 All in the City Mall.

The Willing Maid.

What though my parents frown and
 scold,
 Still Jockey I approve;
 The youth is handsome, free and bold
 And pays me love for love.
 My father when at Jockey's sage
 Did just the same as he,
 And mother too, I dare engage,
 Did just the same like me.
 Did just the same like me
 When first the swain his suit ad-
 dress'd,
 I flutter'd and look'd pale;
 He sigh'd and vow'd, he kiss'd and
 press'd,
 And told the fondest tale,
 Then out he pull'd his oaten reed,
 And play'd for sweet a strain,
 That all heark'd I gave indeed,
 And wish'd he'd ask'd again.
 How blest am I when Jockey's by,

How happy in his view,
 Tho' other nymphs cry pish and pish
 Yet hang me if I do;
 As to the flocks the cooling stream
 Or floweret to the bee,
 As dear as I am confess'd to him,
 So dear's the youth to me.
 Ah, fraught with all his sex's art,
 Should Jockey faithless prove,
 Where, where shall my poor wan-
 dering heart
 Then bestow its love?
 But its an hundred unto ten,
 He'll wed me to secure,
 Then when he asks me, why wha-
 then?
 I'll have him to be sure.

Daffodil.

Spring returns, the fawns advance,
 Leading on the sprightly dance,
 O'er the fallow, o'er the glade,
 Thro' the sun-shine, thro' the shade
 Whilst I forlorn and pensive still
 Sit sighing for my Daffodil.
 See the wanton nymphs appear,
 Smiling all as smiles the year,
 Sporting print where e'er they tread
 Daisy ground or primrose bed,
 Whilst I, &c.
 Now the swain with watery shoe,
 Brushes by the morning dew,
 With officious love to bear
 Fresh-blown cowslips to his fair.
 Whilst I, &c.
 Gentle nymphs forsake the mead,
 To my love for pity plead,
 Go ye swains, and seek the fair,
 This my last petition bear.
 Whilst I, &c.
 Sweetest maid that e'er was seen
 Dance at wake, or trip the green,
 See a love-sick sighing swain,
 Hear my vows, relieve my pain,
 Or with your frowns for pity kill.
 To charming, cruel Daffodil.